

6th G of Replace V or An Actual Translation This Time

 chippenabokura.tumblr.com/post/86297989908/6th-g-of-replace-v-or-an-actual-translation-this

Alternative title: In which Imayoshi is terrifying and Aomine sure is lucky he's so good at basketball or just think what could have happened to him.

Apparently there aren't any plans to translate the Imayoshi and Hanamiya chapter; which is a real pity because this chapter really deserves one. So I decided to do it. Mind you, I don't know much about the translating side of fandom, so if someone was going to translate it/has translated it, please accept my sincere apologies orz

First things first, please imagine that Imayoshi is speaking in his kansai dialect during all of his dialogue. Thank you.

Edit: There's now a Spanish translation based on this one [here](#) by [reckonerbeats](#), for anyone who's interested.

The "Bad Boy" of Deceit

These are the rumours surrounding Hanamiya Makoto:

Good at basketball.

(Calm with a wide field of view, he has the wits fitting for a PG)

Intelligent.

(He had the top score for his year level in the standardised tests from the beginning of the year)

Well-mannered and kind.

(Always humble, he has the wholehearted trust of his friends and those in years above him)

Of those who knew Hanamiya, ten out of ten would say this.

"Hanamiya's a good guy."

Even if you were to ask the people in the same basketball club, ten out of ten would...no, there was one who would tilt his head in doubt.

Imayoshi Shouichi. Hanamiya's sempai from one year above him, there is a smile hovering around this basketball club second year's mouth as he looks on in doubt.

Is Hanamiya really such a good guy?

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At dusk, the gym reverberated with the sound of running on the court.

As the basketball shoes pounded on the polished floors and braked sharply without hesitation at the turnover of the ball, the floor squealed unceasingly from the friction.

Right now, there was a match-like mini-game taking place on the full court that used up the whole gym.

In the basketball club Imayoshi belongs to, a mini-game takes place at the end of every practice. The current one was the second match; Imayoshi, replaced after participating in the first match, was just entering his break.

He joined the other members sitting in the corner of the gym, watching the court intently. The second match was between teams made up of a mixture of first years and second years. You could tell from a glance that the first years that just joined this spring were going all out just to keep up with the second years' movements. Amidst them, there was just one moving around smartly, drawing attention to himself.

It's Hanamiya.

Even now, he's grasped the other team's weak point, stolen their ball, and passed it to an unmarked teammate without any hesitation.

Immediately, the teammate shot and scored.

"Nice shot!" The other members who had been watching the match like Imayoshi raised their voices together. The one who took the shot did well of course, but it was Hanamiya's passing of the ball that was truly an example of fine play. The spectating members naturally praised Hanamiya's movements as well.

"Hanamiya really is good."

"His passes are really nice, but he can take shots himself as well. That's awesome."

"Out of the first years, he's by far the best."

Listening to his yearmates' conversation, Imayoshi agreed with them in his mind. Hanamiya's expertise unmistakably stood out.

Forget about just being the best among the first years, Hanamiya probably had the ability to be counted as one of the five best players in the whole basketball club.

"If Hanamiya had played in the match, we might have won in the interleague..."

"Hey, idiot!" Another yearmate hurriedly shut up the one who had sighed out the complaint.

The one who made the verbal slip seemed to have realised his miss, looking over for where the current regulars – the ones who, more than anyone else, couldn't be allowed to hear – were with an ashen face.

The current regulars' whereabouts was easy to identify. On the opposite side of the gym, loud guffaws could be heard. Even though it was the middle of practice, the only ones able to laugh like they owned the place without getting cautioned by the coach could only be the current regulars.

The yearmate who made the gaffe sighed in relief and peered over at Imayoshi's face as if he was trying to say something.

Guessing what he was voicelessly entreating, Imayoshi lifted the corner of his mouth in a smirk.

"Don't worry. I didn't hear anything. Especially *that*."

In the face of Imayoshi's sadistic smile full of implications even as he refuted it, the yearmate could do nothing but laugh drily in response.

'That' was the regional interleague tournament held a few days ago. This topic had become a taboo among the basketball club.

The reason is simple. Because Imayoshi and co.'s basketball club had received an unprecedented ignominious defeat that day.

The way they lost shocked even the opposing team they had been playing. But more than anything, what surprised all the other teams at the interleague was the fact that not a single one of their regulars from last year remained. Imayoshi and co.'s basketball team had a completely new set of regulars.

The regulars from last year had been strong enough to be counted as the top of the region, even though they didn't manage to get to the nationals. Not a single one of those members was there even as a sub.

Everything began a month ago. It was all the doing of the new coach who had started this spring.

This new coach had had the experience of going all the way to InterHigh and he used this splendid past (as boasted by the man himself and swallowed by the timid club advisor) as a shield to arbitrarily alter the basketball club.

The most extreme case being the complete reshuffling of the regulars. In the now empty positions he had installed his second year son and his followers.

Taking their example from the coach with the basketball club under his thumb, the son and his followers exploited the club for their ends.

Skiping most of the basic training, they only ever properly participated in matches. Any upperclassmen that had had enough of their attitude of just playing around and tried to caution them were instead forced to quit the club.

Thanks to that, no one tried to do that anymore.

It was obvious that regulars like that could not win a match.

At this point, the preliminaries for the junior high interschool tournament is about to begin. Even while feeling reluctant at the thought of the old third year regulars, everyone held their tongues from the fear of no longer being able to play their beloved basketball.

Even so, having inadvertently touched on the taboo, the club member tried desperately to think of a change of subject. "Uh, uh, right, that!

"Hanamiya, he really is a nice guy! Not getting carried away when you praise him is one of his good points."

Finding it hard to agree this time, Imayoshi tilted his head in doubt in his mind.

It is as they say; no matter what good plays Hanamiya makes, he never acts proud. Even if you praise him to his face, he always says bashfully, "Oh no, I still have a long way to go."

That modesty also serves to give the other members a good impression of him, and raises his esteem.

Thanks to that, the recent rumours about Hanamiya are all nice ones.

That's why it bothers him.

"I wonder why we don't hear any slanders about Hanamiya," Imayoshi said nonchalantly, causing the yearmate beside him to stare blankly for a moment before bursting into laughter.

"It's obvious! Because there aren't those kinds of rumours? It'd take a really contrary guy to spread bad rumours about him."

I'm a contrary guy and I wouldn't spread rumours about him, Imayoshi thinks but doesn't say. That isn't the point.

"But don't you think it's weird? That we don't hear anything except good stuff."

"Is it? That just proves he's a good guy." The club member laughed as if there's nothing weird about it.

Just then, from the court came the dull sound of people colliding together. And then a scream.

Staring at the court, Imayoshi saw two people lying crumpled on top of each other under the goal.

The one on top rose tottering to his feet, calling out to the one who had gotten crushed under him as if taken aback, "Sempai, please get a hold of yourself!"

The voice belonged to Hanamiya.

There was no reply from the fallen one.

In his stead, the coach yelled out his son's name as he thrust away Hanamiya, crouching beside the one on the ground. Due to that, they could tell who had been injured.

"Call the ambulance! And the school nurse too!" The club advisor's voice quickly flew out, and Imayoshi et al sprang out from the gym in a rush.

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It was an unlucky accident.

Hanamiya had been setting up a shot under the goal, only to lose his balance. The coach's son had been under there and gotten dragged into the fall. This was a common occurrence; but unluckily, the falling Hanamiya's elbow slammed into the son's face, causing a concussion and for him to lose consciousness.

He regained consciousness on the route to the hospital, but it was decided that it would be prudent for him to take a rest from the club for a while.

Hanamiya was very depressed over injuring his sempai.

The infuriated coach raged for Hanamiya's resignation, and even Hanamiya himself said he would take responsibility. But all the members unanimously opposed, and thanks to even the club advisor – who normally holds his tongue – speaking up for them, the coach reluctantly withdrew Hanamiya's resignation.

It was a week after the accident.

After detailed examination, it was found that there were no irregularities in the injured second year's brain, but the torn Achilles tendon was diagnosed to need three months to heal completely.

All this was told to them at the review meeting after practice.

As the coach was at the hospital, it was the club advisor who explained all this reluctantly as the club members broke out into conversation. It wasn't for the injured second year. It was the sound of people worrying about Hanamiya. Everyone stared at him in concern and sympathy, wondering whether he would feel down from the news.

Hanamiya hangs his head, his longish hair falling over and hiding the look on his face.

"Hanamiya, it's not your fault. Don't fret over it," said the club advisor kindly.

But Hanamiya kept his head down and did nothing more than say huskily, 'Yes...'

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After the review meeting, even though Hanamiya said he wanted to stay behind by himself and practice, no one doubted him.

Rather, if it will cheer him up, the club advisor reasons and gives him special permission.

Hanamiya stood alone in the deserted gym.

Bouncing the ball twice, three times, he catches it with both hands.

He raised his face.

– Everything is just as planned.

Even though he managed to stop from bursting into laughter, his mouth couldn't help but relax.

"That's a good face on you."

Hanamiya's shoulders jump at the sudden statement, turning in the direction of the voice.

While he was unaware, Imayoshi had been standing there in his uniform.

Behind his glasses, his narrow eyes smiled cheerfully. "Even though it'd have been nice if you always looked like that."

"...what do you mean?" Hanamiya smiled at Imayoshi, looking a little bothered. "I always look like this."

"No, no. The face from before. The unadulterated one you had shown." Imayoshi slowly moved closer. "You had a really evil look."

"I'm sorry. I'm afraid I don't understand what you are trying to say."

"Let's stop probing for intentions. It's tiring."

From a distance of two steps, the two stood opposite each other keeping a smile on their faces.

The one to throw in the towel first was Imayoshi.

"Well, it's fine. I didn't think you would show your true nature to me immediately anyway." As if in defeat, Imayoshi sighed and said quietly, "It was a very good trick, I thought."

"Completely deceiving them, thanks to that 'good boy' mask. No one thinks that you deliberately injured him. Rather, you got them sympathising with you.... That's too well prepared, really."

Hanamiya gave a chuckle. His eyes crinkled as if he was enjoying himself. "That's so mean, sempai. You make me sound inhuman."

"Are you denying it?"

"Of course. It's not like there's any proof that I planned all that."

"It's not like I need proof. I wasn't thinking of telling your trick to anyone."

"In that case, did you just want to play detective?"

"Of course not. I came to give you some advice."

"Advice?" Hanamiya repeats, only to have Imayoshi laugh at him as he confirmed, "That's right."

In an instant, Hanamiya felt a chill run down his spine. Before he realised it for what it was, Imayoshi opened his mouth.

"This time, no one realised except me so it's fine. But it's useless if you get caught. No more mischief." Speaking quietly, Imayoshi pushed his glasses up. The narrowed eyes behind the glasses weren't smiling.

Hanamiya could feel his mouth suddenly running dry.

He knows it instinctively. It was just as the other had said; it looked like it'd require way too much effort to probe his true intentions.

"Tsk," Hanamiya clucks his tongue exaggeratedly, throwing the ball against the ground with all his might. The Hanamiya looking at Imayoshi anew had sliced away the gentle honour student mask, showing a calculating and vicious face instead.

"What, you're already ending the charade?"

"It'll just be tiring from this point."

Imayoshi nods satisfactorily at Hanamiya angrily crossing his arms.

"That face looks so much livelier, you know."

"Shut up! Idiot!" Hanamiya curses at him, turning his back on Imayoshi when the other laughs throatily.

"Well, I'll be entertaining you soon enough, just wait."

Hanamiya raises his voice to Imayoshi's back as he walks away. "Oi."

"Hm?" Imayoshi stops walking, only his head turning back. "What is it?"

"When did you start thinking I was suspicious?"

He'd heard that this was a strong school before he got in, only to find that the club had turned into no better than garbage. Sick of it, Hanamiya had given up on the status quo and made plans to change the team into something he could enjoy. Even though he had intended to lay the groundwork scrupulously, it grates that he was found out so quickly. He needs to know where it came apart.

"That's right..." Imayoshi said as Hanamiya glared petulantly at him, leaving a hand against his jaw as he recollected. "I didn't notice at first, but the fact that there was nothing but good talk, I thought that was weird. Well, I might just have noticed because it went against my beliefs."

"What do you mean your beliefs?"

He has some cute points after all, Imayoshi thought in the face of Hanamiya's honest question. He told him, "There's no such thing as a good person."

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A few weeks pass.

There was a continuing string of incidents within the basketball club.

First, the coach suddenly resigned. Citing personal reasons, the coach moved away as if he was running away from something. Of course, his son went with him. The ones in a panic were the other regulars. Knowing that doing as they had pleased left them with no place in the club, one by one they left.

Before long, a specialist coach with basketball experience was called in from somewhere and assumed the post.

This coach picked new regulars based on their skills, uncaring what year level they were in and, without waiting for the third years to retire, chose the second year Imayoshi to be the captain.

The storm of happenings tossed about the club members, leaving them bewildered.

But as the new captain, Imayoshi, gave out precise instructions always with a disdainful smile, everyone got used to the storm and the nascent basketball club was right on track within days.

As the preliminaries for interschool tournament drew closer, Hanamiya stared at the new uniform he'd received from the manager and thought, is this what you had thought up.

It's obvious that Imayoshi had a part in the series of events. In fact, he probably came up with it. Especially since the new coach is one only in title, the coach in substance being Imayoshi.

In conclusion, he had also been tired of that annoying arbitrary system.

Lifting his head, Hanamiya glances over at Imayoshi.

The schemer in question is looking cheerfully at the new regulars rejoicing over their uniforms.

Those eyes are not watching over them, but more like someone cheerfully observing monkeys at a zoo.

As if he noticed the gaze, Imayoshi approached Hanamiya. "What is it, any complaints over the uniform?"

"...whatever." Hanamiya glowers at him sternly.

It does look like things will get entertaining around here.

But at the same time, it's not at all entertaining being shown Imayoshi's unfathomable depths.

"Tsk! Pointless!"

Everyone widens their eyes at the sight of Hanamiya cursing brazenly without a care, only Imayoshi looking on smugly.

From the open door, the early summer wind enters and gently brushes at those present.

Hanamiya Makoto, twelve years old. Subsequently nicknamed the Uncrowned General 'Bad Boy', his conspicuous early debut was thus arranged.

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For those wondering: yes, Hanamiya used 'keikaku doori'. It's up to you to decide whether this is just a coincidence.

[Replace V] Bonus Chapter: A Clockwork Apple and Honey and Little Sister

 somnia.tumblr.com/post/85695906200/replace-v-bonus-chapter-a-clockwork-apple-and

A Clockwork Apple and Honey and Little Sister.

Taiyakidou Anko

Illustration / Uchimi Aza

The transfer student I'm interested in is an android!?

The talented sweet tooth author Taiyakidou Anko's ultimate sweet new work!!

What the quiet transfer student told me on the roof was unexpectedly ridiculous.

"An 'apple' that determines good and evil!?"

"Yes. It's the other name for the 'heart' inside of my body. To inspect Earth's 'good' and 'evil' and to prompt it toward purification with this 'Apple' is my mission. —Want to see?"

"Eh? To see..."

I didn't know what she was talking about so when I asked, the transfer student nimbly loosened the ribbon of her sailor school uniform with her mechanical arm.

With mechanical fingers that moved delicately, she undid the hook on her chest.

"Eeeh, wa-wai-wait, what're you doing!?"

"You don't believe me. Therefore I will show you the 'Apple' and obtain your trust."

"I-It's okay! You don't have to show me! I believe, I believe you!"

I was flustered and turned around with my back to her. This isn't a joke right, she just said "heart" right!?

Speaking of which, on her chest...nonono, I can't think any further.

"What's that? Even though it's perfectly fine to be shown that, cherry boy."

Startled, I lifted my head when I heard the mocking voice from above.

"Didn't I tell you to not come out!"

"Can't help it since I'm haunting you. *Understand?*"



Sitting cross-legged in midair, this guy was looking down on me obnoxiously cheerful.

Sleek black hair glittered, bathed in sunlight. This guy who's only visible to me is so good-looking that he even puts the idol around here to shame. But I can't prove that because only I can see him.

"Even though you're a ghost in the first place, why do you come out during the day!? That's weird!"

"Don't speak to me. But isn't it more fun to have many *surprise* in life?"

"Isn't your life over!?"

"Question. What are you yelling about by yourself?"

I heard the transfer student's quiet voice from behind me and in surprise, my shoulders flinched. I completely forgot about her existence. Because I'm being haunted, only I could hear this ghost's voice.

Yelling at the air by myself like this, I must've looked completely like someone with mental disorders or a weird hotblooded youth.

But, how do I explain it to this self-professed "evolved android from space"?

It's impossible. I don't feel like I could explain it. No, I'm not obligated to explain to begin with. Although I'm reluctant, let me make a move as a weird hotblooded youth.

Once I decided that, I turned back to her. At that moment—

"Hey, let me borrow your body for a bit."

Dammit, when I thought that it was too late. The ghost above my head touched me without permission.

A chill like being stuck closely to an ice pillar ran down my spine. Oh no oh no oh no!

"Hey, machine girl."

My mouth moved on its own. Once again my initiative was stolen.

"Is that about me?"

The transfer student stared at me intently. Before I noticed it, the mechanical arm was coated with skin. Even though this isn't the case, you wouldn't think that there was a machine under that skin.

"Question. Your brainwaves are in a sleep state. However, you are aware of me and making conversation. What is happening?"

"It's simple. Right now I'm borrowing this guy's body. I don't care about that. You said to help you to study the 'good and evil' of this world, right?"

"Affirmative."

"Sorry but go ask someone else. This guy has a previous arrangement with me. For me to pass on in peace, I need to drink the sweetest last 'Honey' in the world."

"Last honey?"

"Yeah. And I plan on having an extraordinary woman to feed it to me mouth-to-mouth."

Ehh!? That's the first time I've heard of this! What the hell! No way!

"Now, I've decided. That is, I don't have the time for your minor business. *Go home!*"

Separate from my will, I puffed out my chest. Aah, the transfer student is looking at me with cold eyes... No, since she's an android, maybe it's normal to have cold eyes. I really don't know what's going on.

But this wasn't the end to the chaotic situation.

"I have finally found you, onii-sama!"

Again, I heard a voice from above my head. But it's even more above than before.

My body returned under my own will and I looked up.

What I saw was a young girl holding a parasol, softly descending from the sky.

"I am Kaguya from the Moon."

Above the head of the girl who introduced herself with a lively voice, a pair of rabbit ears swayed.

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"Are you Mayuzumi-san?"

He was reading when a clear voice called out his name.

Mayuzumi was annoyed that he was interrupted at a good part.

A heroine-like character finally showed up and it looked like it was just getting interesting.

(Who's this guy bothering me?)

Mayuzumi grumbled internally and lifted his head, wanting to check out only the face of the nuisance. He was going to just confirm and then ignore him. Despite that –

"How are you?"

".....That's overly familiar, you know."

Without realizing it, he started talking to Akashi Seijuurou.

On another day, after finishing *A Clockwork Apple and Honey and Little Sister.*, Mayuzumi mused.

The rooftop is a hotbed for strange meetings.

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Translation Notes:

1) "Ringo" means apple (the fruit) but it also seems to be android girl's name, since Akashi said "Ringo-tan is cute" in the [Vol 27 NG](#).

2) Kaguya speaks like a proper young lady from a good family using very proper language. Ringo speaks sort of like

a Nagato Yuki. Hot ghost boy speaks like a typical teenager who's a bit rough and likes to use random English (italics). Our hapless protagonist speaks very normally.

3) Kaguya's name is taken from Princess Kaguya. She has rabbit ears because she's from the moon (Japanese legend about the rabbit living on the moon making mochi).

4) Best to read with [Mayuzumi's chapter](#).

5) *A Clockwork Apple and Honey and Little Sister*. has a 2nd volume. :3